

5.

carnival tart

gypsy girl, daughter of the strong man. her
mom worked the crystal ball in a booth, would
tell your fortune if you crossed her palm
with silver. how he remembers the girl: 15, a
frail form in glad rags, cotton candy
stuck to her swarthy lips. all that summer long

they played -- tying the elephants' tails together
greasing the high wire, anything for a laugh.
but mostly, their convoluted convulsions in
the sawdust. she was rare and he soon knew
the touch and taste and smell of her every part.

one day the old man caught them redhanded. he
killed him with his own sledgehammer
and was forced to flee the country.

6.

his jewess

the little vixen wouldn't let down her
knickers; she did, however, tolerate
his fiddling with her jugs. hour upon
hour they rolled on her mother's bed --
groping and gasping -- a hair's breath
from coming. their smooching was so

constant and prolonged he swore they
exchanged salivas. his mouth tasting of
her sly lips, her fox sharp teeth. one
fine evening they took in a movie. buttered
popcorn in the last row. his eager paw

on her pink sweated tits ... the scent
of night jasmine on the slow walk home.
he never did get in her drawers.